

GRAVITY HILL



VOLUME X

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Andrew Primeau, EDITOR

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Editor's Note

I would first like to thank Dr. Ted Wojtasik for choosing me as the student editor for the tenth edition of *Gravity Hill*. He has encouraged and inspired my love of poetry over the last four years here at St. Andrews and deserves to be recognized for his efforts.

Another thank you is in order for Cate Johnson for her knowledge and guidance on the publishing side of creating this year's edition.

I would also like to thank both Dr. Edna Ann Loftus and Professor Betsy Dendy for their guidance, wisdom, and patience. They continue to inspire their students every day in the pursuit of literature and deserve the sincerest gratitude.

The largest thank you ultimately goes to the students and alumni for their submissions. Your love of the arts is what has made this tenth edition possible. Lastly, I would like to recognize the winners of the writing awards this year:

Marie Gilbert Award

Shiloh Kozlowski, "Tidal"

Nancy Bradberry Award

Dalton Marshall, "Ferrous Furrows"

Editor's Choice Award

Tara Algieri, "Whiskey and Fire"

It has been a pleasure working as this year's editor, and I encourage all students to continue to send submissions for future editions.

Andrew Primeau, EDITOR

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Andrew Primeau

In complete darkness, the Mouth
surpasses a Conscious Mind.
Both Reason and Intellect
vanish into a dimly lit night sky.

Just as lilacs, lillies, and daffodils disappear
in the cold abyss of Winter.
What happens when the beauty of the world
mutates and sings to ash?

When music becomes nothing but white noise echoing
through darkened skies,
poetry is cast into flames along with
weathered photo albums of our past.

Memories become lost
in the Lunar Eclipse of our Mind.
We cannot escape the shadow of time
for the Future remains a mystery.

New-fallen snow disintegrates to slush,
and slush becomes an isolated pond
which can only be redeemed
by the Eternal Sun.

Yet as the pond is escorted by Apollo's fire,
my mind remains occupied as my heart
lingers through a desolate state, which only
acquires salvation through your tender embrace.

Sleepless

Shiloh Kozlowski

The stars compliment the full moon and light the sky like
Candle lights a romantic dinner for two accompanied by
A bottle of wine.

I feel my eyes straining, tired, filled with tiny red vessels
The pillow beneath my head is soft but registers nothing
with my brain.

The demons and monsters from within my closet and
under my bed
Fill my cranium, not allowing any peace but rather a
fight within me,
Clawing at each other.

The craving for nicotine has me walking outside, pac-
ing, wishing my Brain, burning like the end of my
cigarette, would just slowly die
And go out with it.

I lie back down on my dark sheets; I see the sky begin
to change colors
Ever so slowly at the foot of my bed through the old
poorly sealed windows,
Shades of pink and orange.

I am brought back to the memory of my mother
sitting on the side of my bed,
Telling me that I should pray whenever I have trouble
sleeping, for the devil and
The Demons do not like it.

My religion-confused soul finds my mouth uttering words along the lines of
“Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven...”

Sober?

Cat Stumberg

sobriety and I simply don't mix
my mood is elevated by drugs
I attempt to abstain
but instead fry my brain
since pot is way better than hugs

why does everyone hate on weed?
it makes you happy, hungry, and sleepy
no one's gotten high
and decided to die
only its stigma makes me weepy

there's nothing quite like a mug of beer
especially Magic Hat number 9 on tap
I say "just one"
but that's no fun
so I pour and I sip and I yap

it's not any particular substance I abuse
just whatever's in front of my face
drink it or smoke it
eat it or take it
and then I am lost in space

Untitled

Cat Stumberg

Cat, you know those things will kill you
I hear almost every day and
Goodness gracious only
About a hundred people have
Reiterated this fact to me but
Eh, here I am lighting my
Tenth cigarette
Today just because
Everyone is pissing me off.
Shit.

As usual I'm
Lying on my
Couch drinking wine
On a Sunday night but
Hell why not I'm
Only a college student who
Lives like this while she can

Untitled

Cat Stumberg

a societal addiction here has grown
and taken over the human herds
it's the deadly smart phone

texting with all sorts of words
that aren't spelled right
too obsessed with angry birds

getting into a facebook fight
pouring over an instagram pic
downloading a phone flashlight

Connected

Nicole Napoleone

We are all connected,
But are we really?

We are connected:
To our phones,
Our iPads,
Our laptops.

But we are not connected—
To one thing.
We are not connected—
To each other.

We say we are united.
We say we are one.
We are one and united
With our technology.

We think of the “I”
And hardly ever the “we”
So, let’s put down the technology,
and try to talk to each other.

For promotion of Social Networking,
Our live connection is a fail

Instagram

Jen George

It
Never fails to
Spark a wannabe photographer
To post excessive pictures of plants,
Animals, landscapes, food, and
God forbid, we forget about selfies.
Realistically, though, they are simply
Amateurs who want
More attention

The Gatekeeper

Vincent Pugh

As I grow older I become a fan of sleep increasingly
Not because the hours in which I sleep are scarce
But because sleep has become a gateway of connection
Connection to those I have come to lose throughout the
years

When I lie my head down on the Serta pillow

I begin my journey to the gatekeeper

Who will allow me passage

To make banana pudding with my grandmother Rev.

Shirley Bush one more time

To go to the movies with my cousin Caprice Bush one
more time

To even play lacrosse with my half brother Nick Espo-
sito one more time

It is clear to me that these are dreams

But in a sleep state our bodies can't perceive the dif-
ference in reality

And frankly I don't want to

I look forward to my daily check-ins with the gatekeeper

Until the day I check in to be with my loved ones for good

Red Light District

Vincent Pugh

Riding the Marta bus to the train station
Only two of us on the bus on this late night
When he gets off one stop before the train
The red light district
Only thing in this part of town
Are hookers named Precious
And a strip club called Stokers
Wedding band on his hand
I wonder what his wife would think
That is if

She's still alive

Reconsider

Alexandra Fullerton

A woman with the black vest.
Opening your eyes to blinding light.
Leave these dreadful memories at rest.

Envious of a bird with the perfect nest.
Words have devoured any of the might.
A woman with the black vest.

All things must remain suppressed.
Shameful to see such beauty in plight.
Leave these dreadful memories at rest.

Only hollow beating in the chest.
The inner demons are winning the fight.
A woman with the black vest.

Crimson liquid comes from the breast.
The cockroaches have the appetite to bite.
Leave these dreadful memories at rest.

Unlimited time with the most wretched of
 guest.
No one claimed a burial site.
A woman with the black vest.
Leave these dreadful memories at rest.

Death on Me Preys

Stuart Marshall

What I would give for more sweet days
Though I am young, death on me preys.
Wolves who thirst for blood always loom
O'er sheep, who in ignorance graze,
Weaving the black wool of their doom.
Silently the Requiem plays:
What I would give for more sweet days.

I want to feel the warmth of rays
A summer Sun, no time to laze
Lilies wilt even as they bloom
Still breathing, next to me she lays
I have not yet become a groom
How long will death let my love stay?
Though she is young, death on her preys.

"Let me live!" in despair I pray—
Heaven or hell reserves a room
Though I am young, death on me preys
What I would give for more sweet days.

Mean Girls

Kimayah Fulcher

The lonely blonde stares at the group
of girls sitting, chatting about
"Team Edward" or "Team Jacob"
while in my mind I'm thinking "Team Bella."
The instructor starts to teach me about business
or maybe it was history? My mind
starts to wander as much as the blonde's.
The professor's lecture must have been
anything but interesting, as she continues to
stare at the group of girls while I continue
my observation upon her. She longs for
a best friend. She desires to be a part
of this clique that captured all of her
attention. One of the members glances
over, triggering a hesitant, nervous smile
from the blonde. Only resulting in a cold,
rejecting, judgmental stare from the single
group member. With much sorrow, the yearning young
girl returns her attention
to the professor.....

now with a spiteful vengeance against
all girls with "popularity."

We Are

Ramsey Vogt

I am Human
Animal as can be
Most people just can't see

Where we come from
What we can do
I feel as if we are trapped in a zoo

Caged in concrete
Separated from what we are
We think of our bodies as bizarre

We don't understand
That we are primal
Or how to embrace the animal

Inside of you
Inside of me
Imagine what would be

You Can Feel Sound

Maggie Connolly

Enter the venue
Get up close and personal with the stage
Plant your feet on the same ground
as the speaker stands

Find your balance
Feel your heart beat and shake
Let your teeth quiver in your skull
as the amplifiers tune

A bass line drops
Feel your heart drop with it
Sparks in your fingertips guide
your arms up, waiting for more

A rhythm begins and your skin collides with new skin
Goosebumps rise
A transfer of energy from this collision causes warmth
around you
and the heat causes a sweat

Eardrums pulsing
Your brain rattles like whiplash from a roller coaster
Hands up catching vibrations like rain drops
and sound has touched you

Rain

Tyler Knight

The sound of rain calms me

The sound of rain puts me to sleep

The sound of rain that hits my window is just right

The sound of rain is a perfect lullaby that has never
been sung.

Custer

Shiloh Kozlowski

Born in Ohio, died in Montana,
But now you stand in stone and copper
Along the River Raisin where you grew up.

I usually just try to ignore you,
And admire the glorious steed you sit upon,
I feel bad at the fact he had to haul your stupidity.

I'm not sure why you're here,
After the Civil War you were sent to fight
In the Indian Wars.

Graduating last in your class at West Point,
No wonder you and your men were slaughtered
At Little Big Horn.

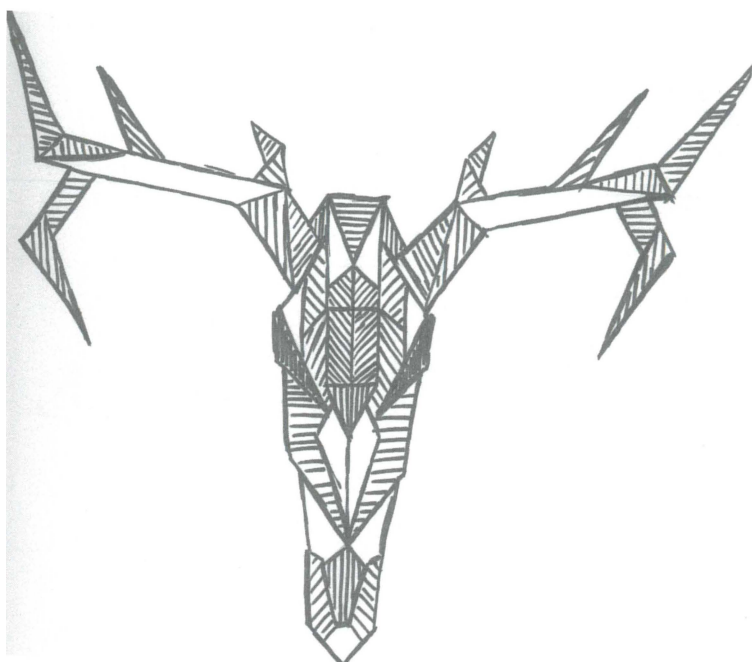
Ferrous Furrows

Dalton Marshall

Folding ferrous furrows, coil by coil
A marvel to behold, the turning of soil
Steel blade and earth perform in concert
Dragged by iron oxen powered by oil
Above seething fumes of diesel spurt
Rise syrupy perfumes held, to sorrel slab, loyal
Folding ferrous furrows, coil by coil

Plough coupling—drawn without much toil
Slicing blended bronze and mahogany without foil
I swipe off beads of sweat with my shirt
As the engine heat is brought to broil
Delicately, along the clay ditch I skirt
Mixing together cocoa, copper, and hazel so royal

Columns of crops that fight spoil
Will follow the spinning parade of russet dirt
A marvel to behold, the turning of soil
Folding ferrous furrows, coil by coil



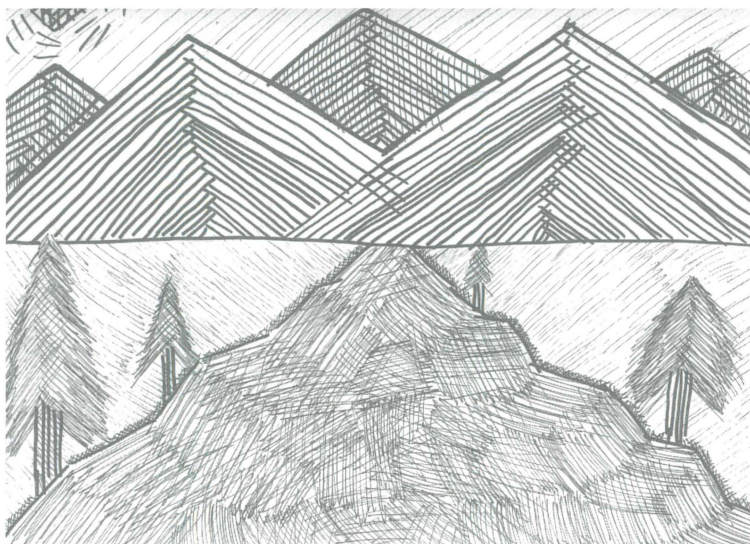
Brett Vilena



Brett Vilena



Tiffany Burch



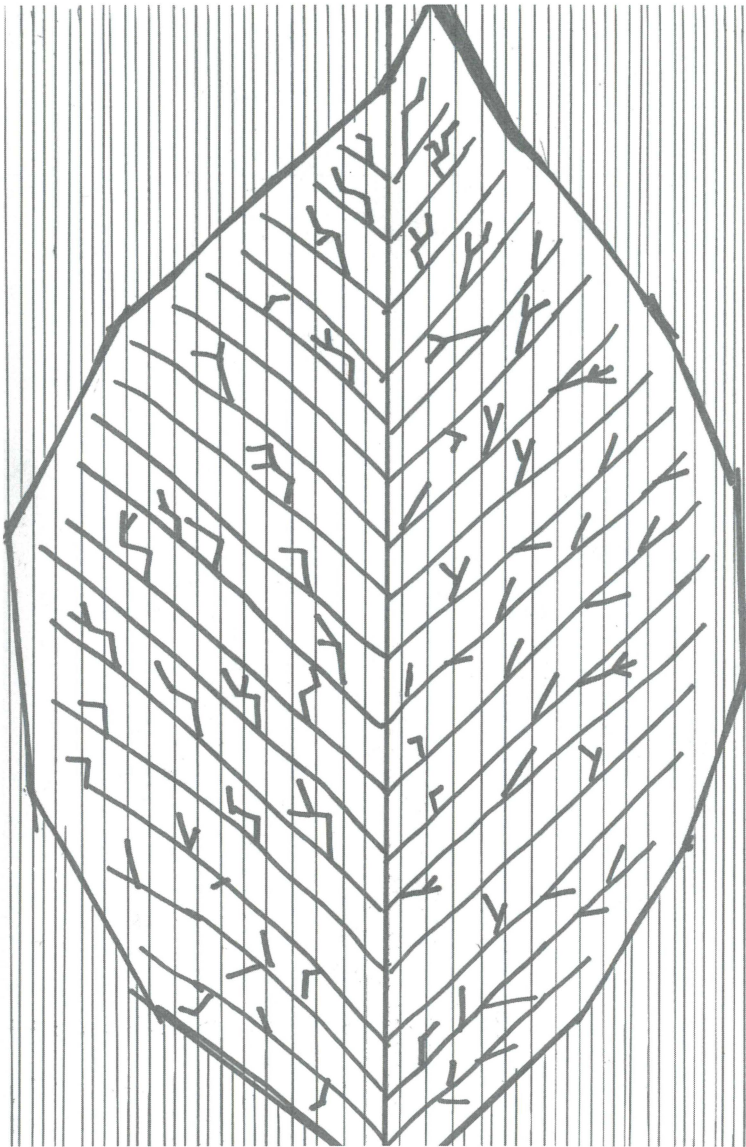
Sierra Walker



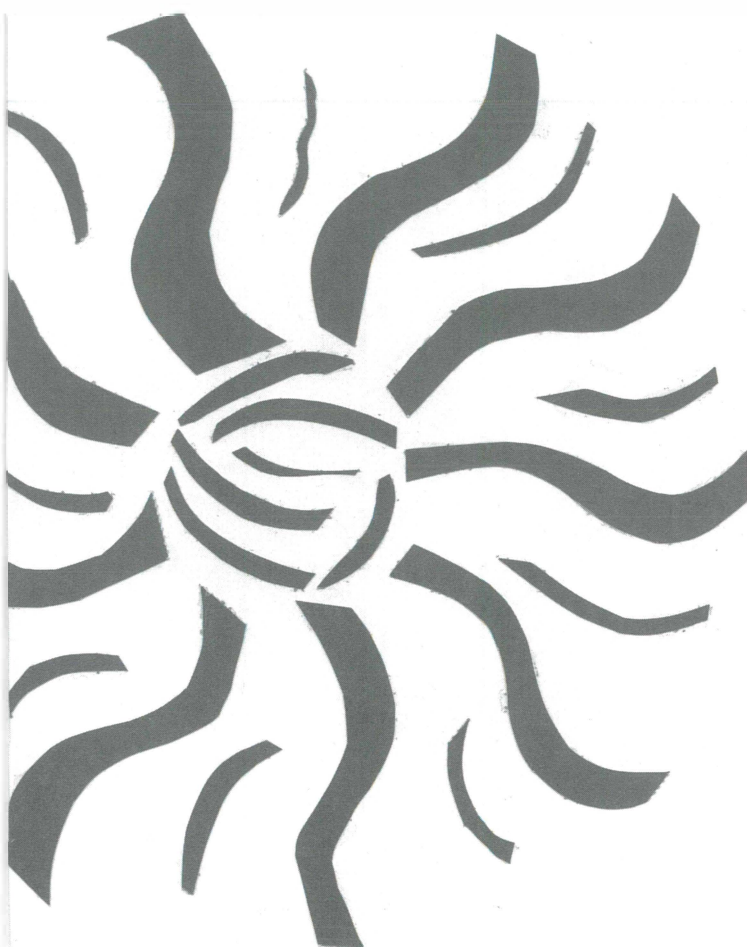
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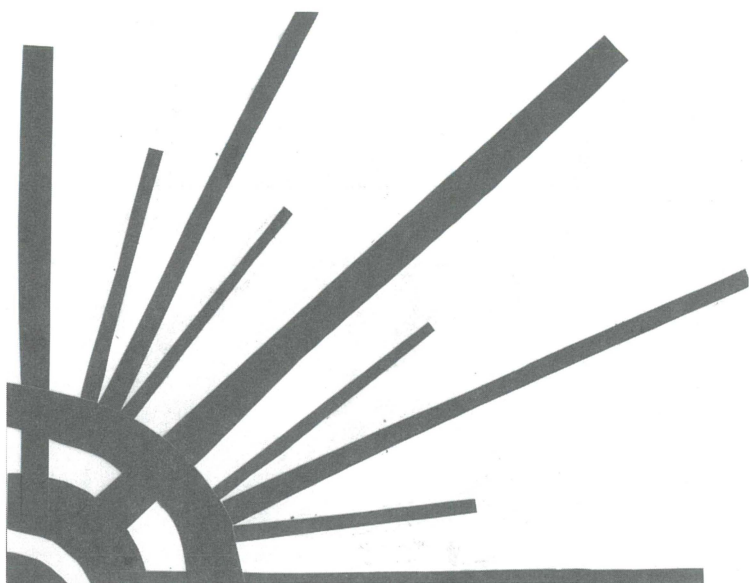
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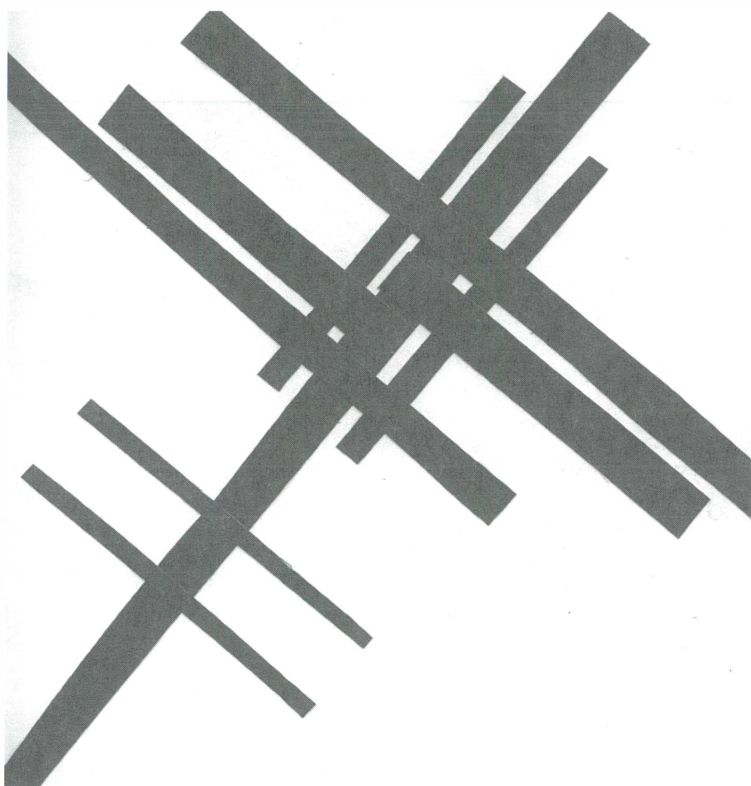
Gabbie Cidrás



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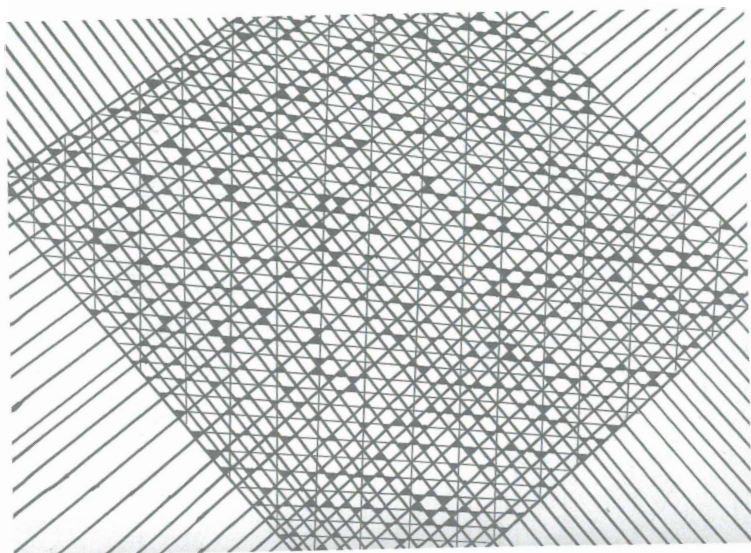
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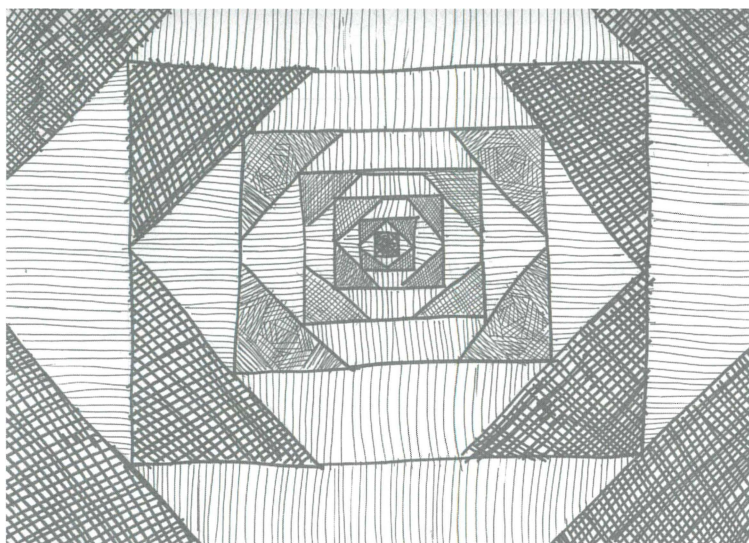
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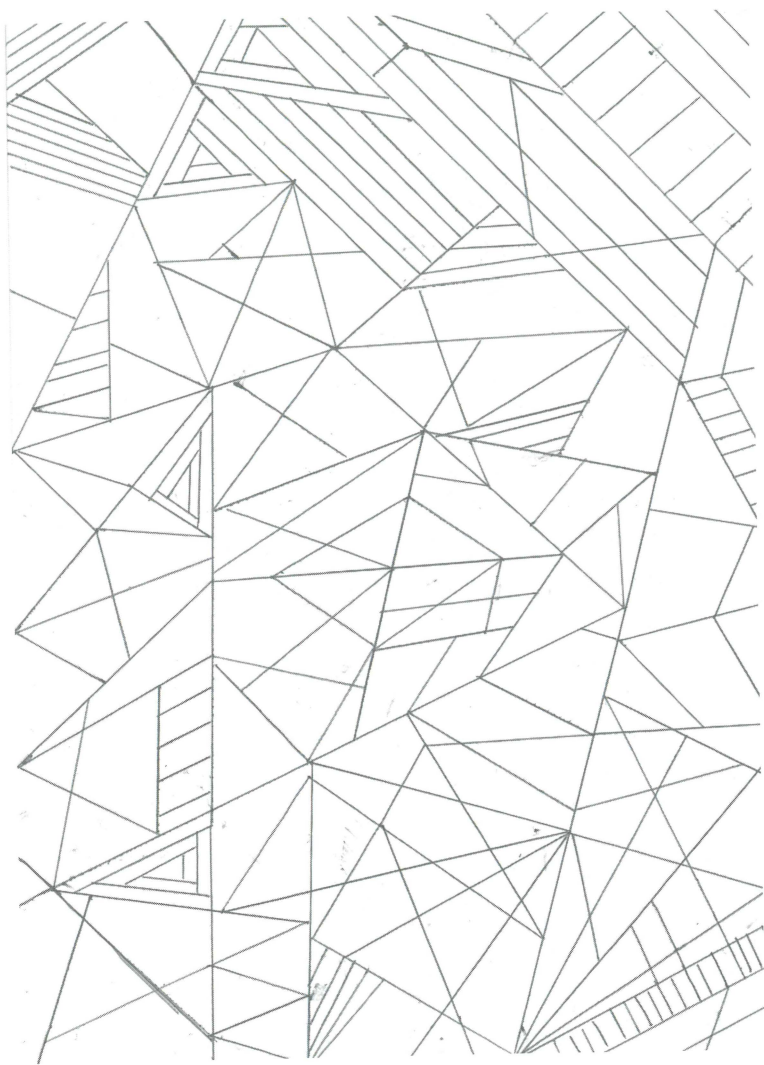
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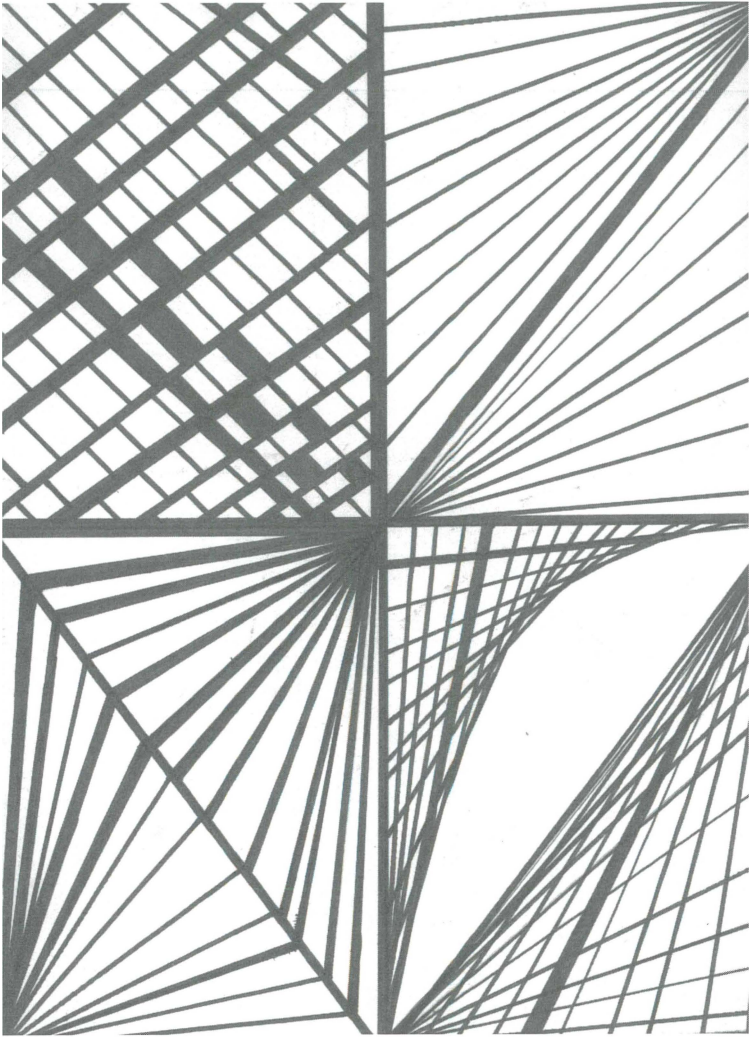
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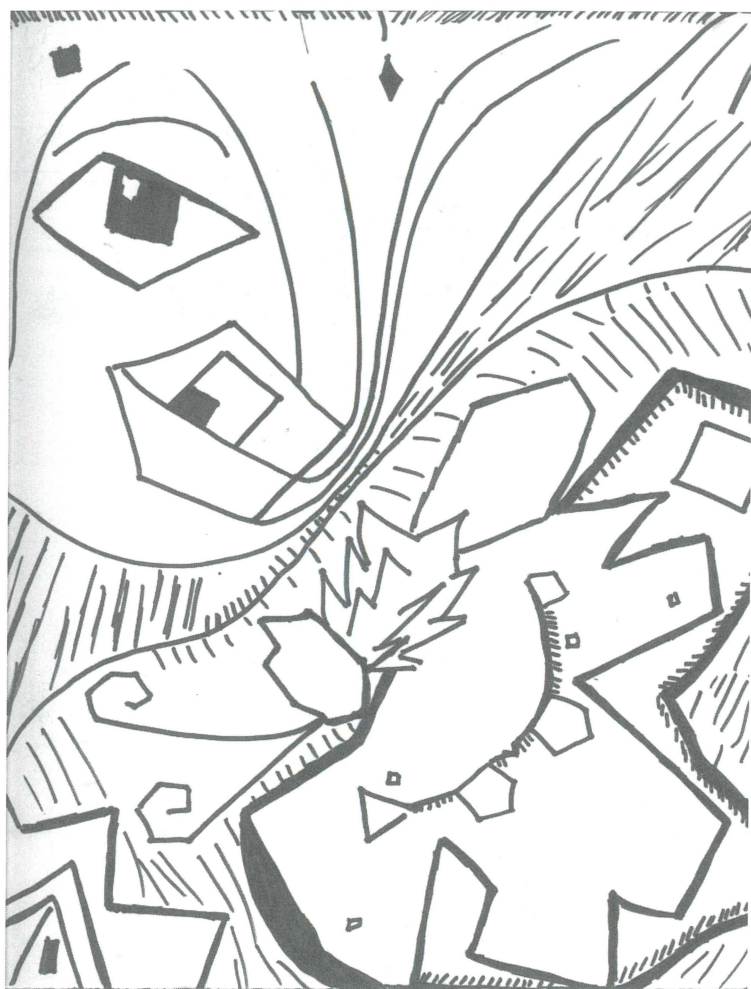
Sierra Walker



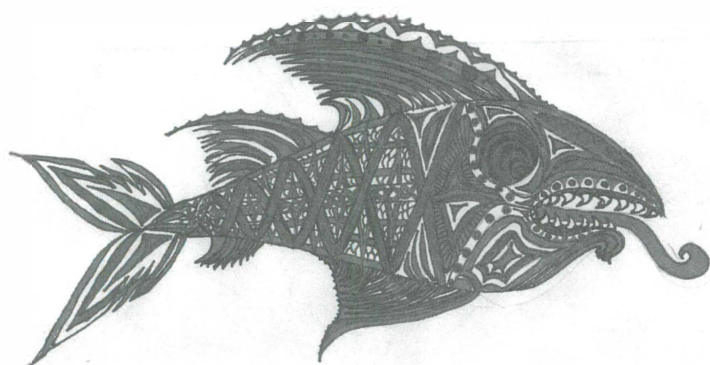
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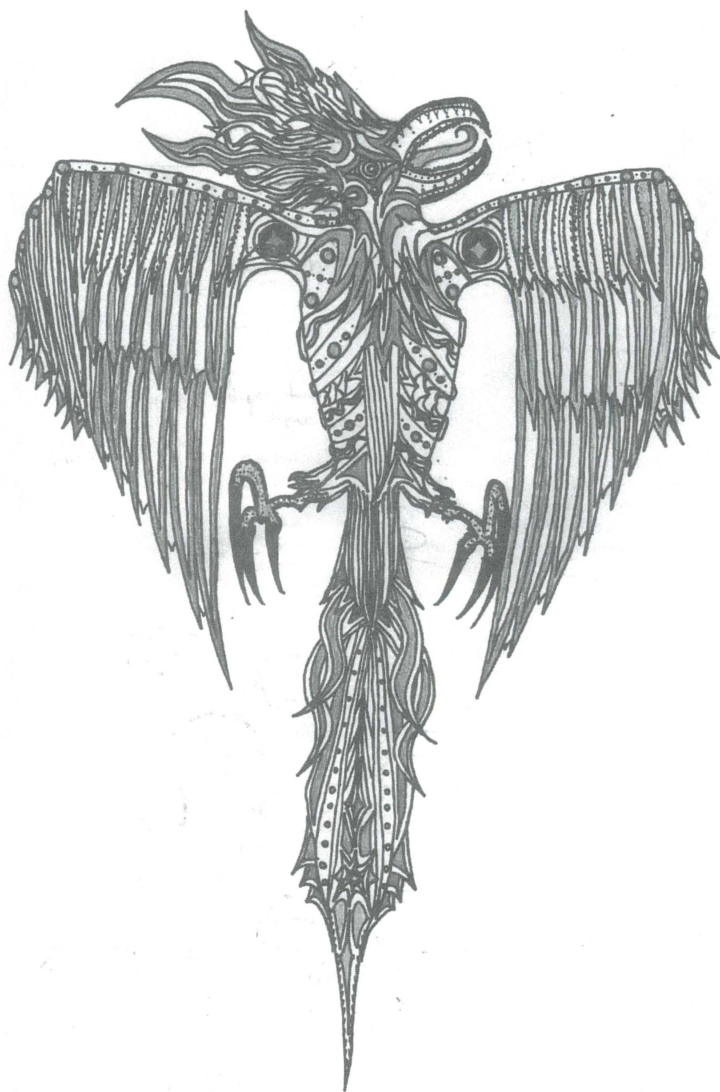
Cayce Carson



Gisselle Little



Stuart Marshall



Stuart Marshall



Stuart Marshall



Kaitlyn Stempien

Righteous Fire

Ryan Perez

Based on a dream

Odium burned inside Dante's soul. The young boy decided he'd rather die than live a manipulated life of oppression. Dante broke into his condemned workplace to find the tools necessary for his plan. With a drill, saw, and hammer attached to his belt the vigilante embarked on a certainly perilous mission. Dante was going to liberate his people, or die trying.

Strangely, Dante made it to the fences surrounding the Frigus Regime's compound unhindered. The young carpenter sawed through barbed wire fencing like a scalding katana through a block of ice.

Abolishing the thoughts of doubt and fear in his mind, Dante forged the courage to pierce into the impenetrable Frigus Fortress. Dante's feet covered the distance so quickly to his grandfather's cell that you'd have thought he was sprinting across a fragile ice-covered pond with embers on his feet.

When Dante reached the door to his grandfather's cell he was in disbelief that he made it thus far undetected and unharmed. The solid steel door loomed ominously before Dante as he opened the peephole to see his grandpa, Will, feebly slumped over in the corner. Without hesitation, Dante grabbed his small hammer and swung with the might of a volcanic eruption. When the hammerhead and door collided, the entirety of the solid steel door melted away, and Dante rushed inside to embrace his solitary family member.

Dante's heart was so filled with warmth and

joy that he didn't notice the menacing chill that was slinking slowly into the room, summoning goosebumps onto his grandfather's skin. Burning tears ran down Dante's face as a cold voice questioned, "Who the hell are you?"

Startled, Dante turned and his eyes met those of the blood-chilling Torpentes Frigus. Righteous fury seethed inside the very core of Dante as his eyes ignited into a flame so invigorative that not even Satan wouldn't dare try to extinguish. Dante glared into Torpentes' eyes and began to scorch his icy soul through a mere stare. As if he embodied the authority of nature itself, Dante commanded, "You will let my people go, all of them."

Torpentes dropped to his knees in utter fear, yet defiantly retorted, "My Empire will never die! Your people will be mine until their bodies are cold and dead beneath the ground!"

"Torpentes Frigus, because you can't speak compassionately for others, you will never speak again," proclaimed Dante as he grabbed the drill from his belt and approached the cold-hearted tyrant. Dante placed the drill into Torpentes' mouth before convicting him. "I will free my own people, and you will see as the guilt of your wicked oppression burns you to death."

Shiloh Kozlowski

Freely shore
 flowing the you
 deep upon crash.
 blue,

Beautiful, free, with many friends that will never leave you.

People mesmerized and relaxed when you. around become

Some
-times
I
wish
I
was
just
like
you.
Carry
me
away.

Cleansing Waves

Arianna Smith

The place where the white froth of the ocean resides
As the waves gently crash upon the shore,
This is where I find myself.

Looking out to the horizon where the sea and sky meet
In a place of perfect tranquility and harmony,
This is where my soul escapes.

Allowing the waves of the low tide to caress my toes
I can feel all ailments and sicknesses leave,
This is where I find wholeness.

Letting my mind drift off with the current
Worries, sadness and anger drain from my thoughts,
This is where health is restored.

The clear water that washes away not only physical dirt
But the mental and emotional dirt that come with me,
This is where cleanliness meets Godliness

John Keats

Tara Algieri

This poet named John Keats,
He knew all the tight beats,
Which Fanny fell for,
And she loved him to the core

William Shakespeare,
Makes spheres
Of liars and traitors
But most people still need translators.

Yummy

Seth Brown

You can disappear too
Find the golden door of magic
Move through the air, by means of wings
Live at the speed of now

Everyone needs a little relaxation
American style topped with shrimp
Take it with a hint of lime
Venture into a world of wonder

Get Martha Stewart's chicken
It's in a robotic space probe
Tweeting like a champion

The past is not real
Only spicy jalapenos

Apple

Sophie Kasian

A

P

P

L

E

So much depends upon an apple
Forget about the red wheelbarrow,
A temptation, evil knowledge, wise
so much pressure is put on the apple.
But maybe the apple just wants to be
an apple. Carefree, wild and fun.
And maybe it wants to fall far
from the tree, not to be tied
down to the rest of the
apples.

Rose and Bernard Nadler

Tyler Knight

Rose and Bernard head to Australia
Everyone is looking at them strange
People are becoming impatient with Rose
Little do they know, she has cancer

Men, women, and children screaming
While the plane splits into two parts
Each landing on different sides on an island
Rose and Bernard Land on opposite sides too

Rocky Bottom Heights

Dalton Marshall

crunch of leaf, padded moss, cedar fern

beneath my leather brogues

scratching of chickadee

searching for seed below a poplar

are the only denial from complete tranquility

I claim brisk but native steps

to the crest of spruce-lined ridge

unsling haversack, drop mattock

and hatchet into an untidy heap

leaning back against antler-scraped cedar

I gaze up to the hardwood ceiling

and the branches bending in breeze

sipping from canteen and deep breath

surrendering to sanctuary

not lost, but elevated beyond it all

The Wicked Man

Nicole Napoleone

He was a wicked man.
I pity the women
Who believed his lies.
His awful, awful lies.

He was an actor.
An amazing actor.
The looks were in his favor.
Had the body of a god.
But his insides—
Were as dark as night—

He was a secret keeper.
They say the eyes are the
Window to the soul—
Not his—his were iron bars.
Unbreakable to the greatest extent.
I looked into those eyes everyday.
And never saw his soul.

But who am I?
I am a wicked woman.
A believer of lies, of secrets
A naïve, stupid girl.
Who truly believed he was
In Love with me—me.
I must confess that in my chest
I felt impressed and anxiousness.
Due to his god-like physique.

I was backed into a marked area.
Where the cursed are locked.
With no where to go
But down—

He was a wicked man.
A man deserved to feel.
To feel what I felt.
He was a wonderful regret.

Lunar Gallop

Dalton Marshall

Under moonlit glow
Bristled dark furs flow
In wind

Guarded eyes, stance low
He howls so hollow
Transcend

She-wolf runs in tow
Hunting for burrow
No end

Jasmine and Aladdin

Nicole Napoleone

Jasmine and Aladdin got together.
One happy little family,
with a monkey, a tiger,
And a magic carpet.

Jasmine,
With her midriff ensemble,
Giving misconceptions,
To the young generation.

Aladdin,
With no shirt,
But only a vest ensemble,
Giving girls a hopeless crush.

The monkey and the tiger,
Impossible pets,
But adorable personalities.
Add into the dream.

Then the magic carpet,
And the craziness continues.
Where an inanimate object,
Becomes real.

All in all,
The romantic life,
Is all an illusion.
One many dream of.

Whiskey and Fire

Tara Algieri

Every time I smell whiskey,
My mind boomerangs back to you.
Or the strong smell of a bonfire,
In a small town that feels even smaller.

My friends were drinking Jack and Coke.
We made a bum fire to stay warm,
And the only thing I could think
Was this is too close to you.

I run away to fall back,
So every liquor smells like you.
And even the smell of cigarette,
Transforms into the smell of fire.

My mind wants to fly away,
And my heart wants roots in yours,
So I've found that no matter what,
Every time I smell whiskey,
My mind boomerangs back to you.

To whom it may concern:

Tara Algieri

Your voice makes my knees shake
And my skin crawl.
Your laugh sounds like Lucifer's
And like angels giggling.
But when you sang,
Dear God, when you sang,
It was a lullaby that could sing me to sleep.

You're a mess of drunken insecurities,
And a charming fool of wonderful words.
A storm encounters,
Filled with sweet nothings
And a constant flow of lies
That spins me deeper into your web.

I hope that one day you can escape your hometown
Because we all deserve a new start.

You seem stuck in a place with the same dead-beat
friends,
A consistent flow of Monday to Friday,
Saturday and Sunday.
Without any real gain besides engine grease on your
hands
That you wash off every night when you get home.

The grease should be your shame,
Never ending and ugly.

But the grease is your past,
Washed away uselessness from before.

But it's safe to say,
I still remember the way your eye color changes,
When you're tired or drunk.
Or how passionate you get about the safety of your
friends.

I met you at a bar,
At the same bar
We ended so violently,
It made me never want to return.

Stranger

Maggie Connolly

He stood there with a cigarette in his mouth
I shared the same with a Marlboro
We stared into the same distance
But he was different than I

My glance changed to his figure
Tall and pale with long hair
That hid his eyes
Not painful nor sad

He stood with precision
His shoulders parallel with the earth
His legs long and strong
But his head hung low
As if his neck refused to straighten

He smoked his cigarette lightly
With loose arms and shallow breaths
He and I were not so different after all
He deals with a similar pain
With completely different circumstances

I'll never know anything more about him
I just know he'll be in the same stance again
If he's anything like me
It will be in 2 or 3 hours

Not as it Seems

Nasra Chatman

You know, romance isn't really my thing
I glance as I see a couple
Kissing, giggling, and snuggling.
I nearly roll my eyes.

"There's no way I could live without you."
"Nor I without you, my love."
They embrace passionately
I mentally beat my head against a wall.

"I'll always love you. Forever."
"Now I know for certain. You are the one for me."
Kiss
Jeeeeesus Christ.

So cheesy,
So cliché,
So sappy,
And yet so perfect.

Well at least they're happy
Perhaps I'm envious
I wish I had someone like that
Someone I could not trust and care for.

In a way I guess they're lucky, huh?

Suddenly a car drives up beside the happy couple
A man steps out, staring.

“Bitch, who the hell is this?!”

...

And on that note, I walk away silently.

Brown-Eyed Girl

Sophie Kasian

It has always been our song, and it will always be
Whenever I hear it I go back in time
I remember you singing me to sleep
Or pushing me on the swing
So many happy memories flood my mind
When you sang I knew that's when you were the
 happiest
Last October when you fell ill I feared the worst
I thought that I'd never be able to hear you sing again
Times were hard and though your voice was shaky,
 you sang
Together we sang, laughed, and cried
Hearing your voice gave me strength to never give up
Whenever I'm missing you I turn up my music and
 hear you singing to me
"Laughing and a-running, hey, hey,
Skipping and a-jumping
In the misty morning fog with
Our, our hearts a-thumping
And you, my brown-eyed girl"

Sleeping Beauty

Cathy Walter

I grew up with a babbling mother. She possessed the self-importance and self-obsession, the dramatic flare and the constant chatter that characterize—in college girls—an attention whore. I accepted this reality before I had any comprehension of what these tendencies did to interpersonal relationships, let alone how being socialized by someone like that would affect my own future.

As I began to have a social life—something my mother could never comprehend—conflicting notions made me socially awkward and horrible with people. I had too much of my mother in me; I could talk all day about my own problems and interests, and while I felt guilty over my selfishness, there was nothing I could do to stop myself from repeating the pattern. At the same time, I grew to understand that women should be seen and not heard. (My father would tell me he didn't want to listen to any story I might offer to his ears.)

It took me until high school to learn that it was okay for me to talk in class. Even after I began to participate, I continued to roll my eyes at girls who drew attention to themselves.

In college, I took a class on fairytales. As we studied "Sleeping Beauty" people criticized the prince for kissing—for sleeping with—the princess while she was unresponsive. But his actions made perfect sense to me: Her beauty, at the moment, was unmarred by her babbling or her ideas—after all, no woman could have anything worth notice floating inside her brain, right?

That Christmas, I didn't go home. There was

nothing for me at home anymore but tension between myself and my mother. It was that cold December that I became a real-life sleeping beauty.

I'd more or less decided that school, friends, life were no longer worth the effort, and I'd taken advantage of my science background in identifying a mixture of household supplies that could grant me death.

Since I'm retelling this story, I don't have to tell you it didn't work.

I ended up in a coma, and while I was immobilized and unresponsive, the brother of another patient fell in love with me. When I awoke we dated. He would wait until he thought I was asleep and then have sex with me. This was happiness, right?

I got pregnant, left school. By suppressing my intellect, I was sure, I could convince him that he wanted to spend forever by my side. I cooked. I cleaned. I delivered four more children into the world. I tried to teach my two daughters to possess silent strength—a combination I had never mastered.

We never visited my mother. I couldn't expose my babies to the woman who had made me what I was—what I am. Because I still am still sleeping beauty—the beauty has faded with age, perhaps, but I remain very much asleep. My mind is closed off. I have no more thoughts, no more dreams. I never expected my life to be a fairytale, but I seem to be living one anyway.

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Andrew Primeau

I spend so much time above the earth
thinking about mortal life, eternal love,
and all man's worth.

Seeking answers from the *Iliad*,
sifting battered pages of the Trojan war
and I remain indifferent, unmoved,
stuck pondering the question:
how can one person be worth more
than thousands docked onto Troy's shore?
A hollow marriage to Menelaus,
a new-kindled affair with Paris,
and the venegeful ambition of Agamemnon:
the desolate demise of two empires.
Brave Hector and Immortal Achilles
lie defeated in a false campaign.

Yet as Homer's foolish tragedy of love remains within
my thoughts,
Your presence soothes all anxiety and reluctance to-
ward love.

The brain calms for the heart's desire
and we become entrapped in a continuous happiness,
Elevated from the past.

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